

Haunted Mansion



#4

\$2.95

Stories
Inspired by
the Classic

Disney
Attraction



DIRGE

Welcome, Foolish Mortals...

The Interview

Housekeeping in a haunted house? It's not so bad. It's just that finding a qualified candidate is proving to be a little difficult.

Written by Dan Vado

Illustrated by Drew Rausch

Big Game

Lord Dunswallop has taken on every fierce beastie in every land, from Araby to Zimbabwe. Are the ghosts of Gracey Manor any match for him?

Written and Illustrated by Aaron A.

Night of the Ghost Fleas

Who haunts the haunted? Or a better question: Why is Fifi so darned itchy?

Written and illustrated by Roman Dirge

Mystery of the Manse Part Four

William Gracey has found a reason to take his place in the land of the living again. But a haunted house is no place for his innocent bride-to-be.

Written by Dan Vado

Illustrated by Mike Moss

The Groundskeeper

A portrait of everyone's favorite mortal resident of the mansion.

by Drew Rausch

HAUNTED MANSION

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THE INTERVIEW

DAN VADO
WORDS

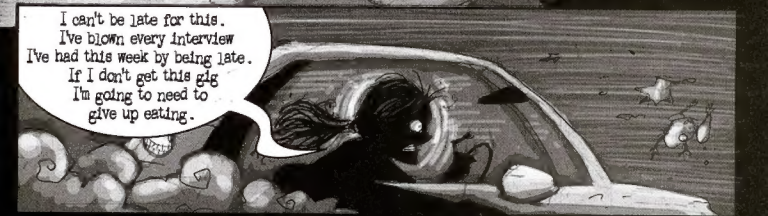
DREW RAUSCH
VISUALS

I'm late.

I'm late.

I'M LATE !!

I can't be late for this.
I've blown every interview
I've had this week by being late.
If I don't get this gig
I'm going to need to
give up eating.



Mom would die
laughing if she
knew I was
applying for a
housekeeper job.


I didn't even make
my bed the day
I left for college.



YOU'RE
LATE !!!!



AGGHHH!!!




Uh, I mean, sorry
You startled me.
Scared me half
to death...



Only half?
I must be
slipping.

So,
I was correct then.
You are Sarah?



Uh, yeah. I mean,
YES my name is
Sarah...

You're here
about the
maid position?

Housekeeper, yes.

If it's
still
available?



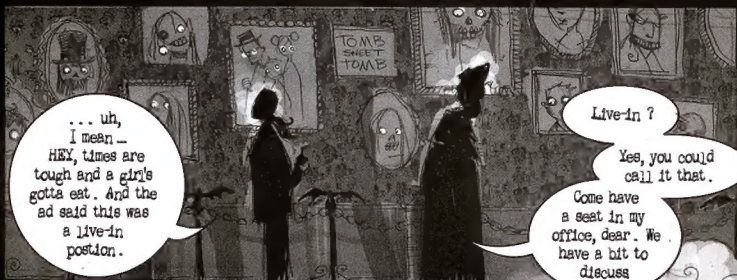


Oh it's available.
It's ALWAYS available.
But you don't seem
much like the, eh,
housekeeping sort.

Young, pretty,
college educated.
A job like this, in a
place like this, well
it can age you
prematurely.



oh, so that
explains...

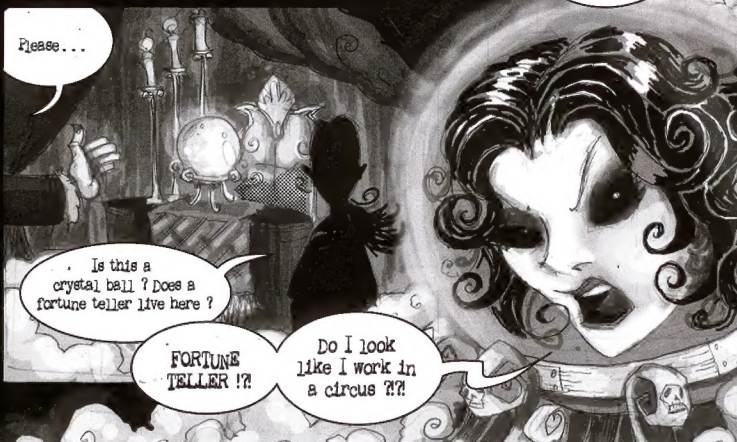


... uh,
I mean...
HEY, times are
tough and a girl's
gotta eat. And the
ad said this was
a live-in
position.

Live-in ?

Yes, you could
call it that.

Come have
a seat in my
office, dear. We
have a bit to
discuss

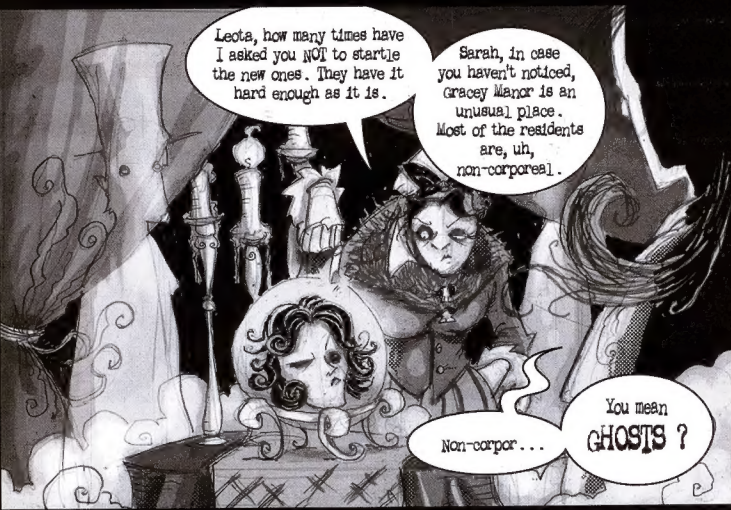


Please...

Is this a
crystal ball ? Does a
fortune teller live here ?

FORTUNE
TELLER !?

Do I look
like I work in
a circus ??



Leota, how many times have I asked you NOT to startle the new ones. They have it hard enough as it is.

Sarah, in case you haven't noticed, Gracey Manor is an unusual place. Most of the residents are, uh, non-corporeal.

Non-corpor...

You mean **GHOSTS**?


Not me, I'm alive and well.

And you, you're a ghost too?

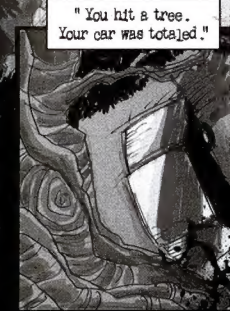
Me? No. Most ghosts can't affect the real world, or at least it's too much trouble for them. Makes them mostly useless as far as housework is concerned. That's why most haunted houses are so dusty.

You, on the other hand, are quite dead.

wha wha...




" You were in such a hurry to get to this interview on time that you didn't pay attention to how you were driving "




" You hit a tree. Your car was totaled."

" You were so focused on getting to this job interview that you never realized you were dead. You just kept on going to where it was you thought you needed to be."



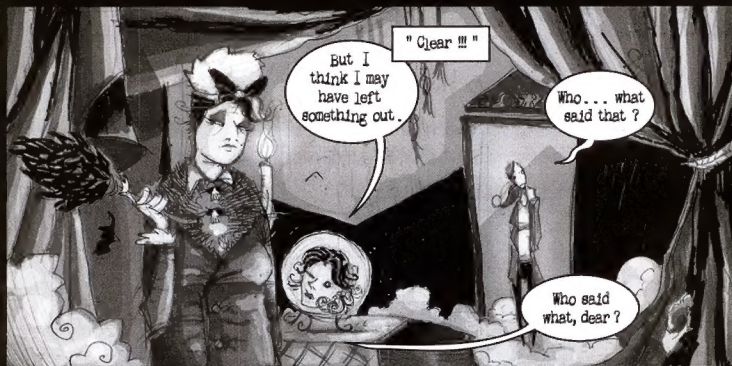
It happens sometimes. People are so driven by things in their lives that when they die they can't come to grips with the obvious.

That's what happened to Lecta.



What are you talking about, Honey ? I swear I'm just going to have to stop telling you things some day. If it weren't for me, you would never have known this girl was coming.





"Clear !!!"

But I think I may have left something out.

Who... what said that?

Who said what, dear?



"Dear ?"

CLEAR !



I've got a rhythm.
Let's get her to the E.R.



She's lucky someone saw her run off the road. We almost lost her.



oh mannn...
I think I just blew another interview...



.. that looked like such a nice.. place... to.. live...



"I hate it when
that happens."



The End ???

Dear Reader, Gentle Reader...
For the preceding two and twenty years
it has been my distinct honor to record
for you the startling exploits of that
most extraordinary of adventurers,
Albert, LORD DUNSWALLOP!



It was by my pen that
you travelled with him to
darkest Congo to con-
front the fearsome
Scarlet-Humped
Orang-Outang...



To the biting sands
of distant Araby to
test the ferocious
Dune-Leopard...

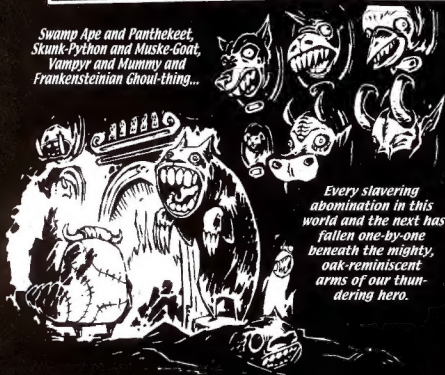


And to the inky
depths of the
Atlantic to wrestle
the tremendous
Slandered
Bull-Squid
herself.

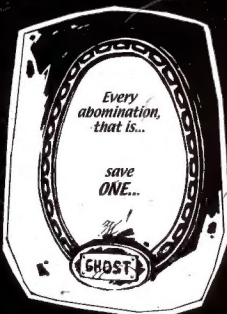


Yes, Dear Reader, it was through my
feverish scribbblings you thrilled to all these
things and more. Time and again, your pulse
quickenened as the brazen huntsman took the
most terrible of creatures into his awesome
mitts and wrenched the very life from their
monstrous bones.

Swamp Ape and Panthekeet,
Skunk-Python and Muske-Goat,
Vampyr and Mummy and
Frankensteinian Ghoul-thing...



Every slaving
abomination in this
world and the next has
fallen one-by-one
beneath the mighty,
oak-reminiscent
arms of our thun-
dering hero.



BIG GAME

COME
ALONG THEN,
PERKINS!

THE
DEAD
WAIT FOR
NO MAN!

It was clear why my friend had chosen this forbidding old manse as the site of this, his most daring hunt to date:

Legend holds that Gracey Manor contains within its blackened heart nearly a THOUSAND LOST SOULS, any one of which could, as he put it...

TEAR A MAN
IN TWAIN!

TEETH AS LONG AS
FENCE-POSTS, FISTS LIKE
BEER BARRELS, CLAWS TO
RAKE YOUR VERY SOUL!
NO, NO SIMPLE BED-
CHAMBER HAUNTS, THESE
GRACEY GHOSTS!

At length we came upon a great door, with sounds of a hideous ruckus emanating from beyond...

HARK!

THE GRUESOME
THINGS ARE NO DOUBT
FEASTING ON SOME
POOR, UNFORTUNATES
AS WE SPEAK!
THE VILLAINS!

WELL!
WE'LL SOON
PUT A STOP
TO THAT, EH,
PERKINS?

YES...

YES, BUT...
BUT SHOULD WE
MAYBE HAVE
PROCURED...
FIREARMS, SIR?

BAH!

HAVE MY
OAK-LIKE ARMS
FAILED US YET, MY
CONSTANTLY QUIVERING
COMPATRIOT?

WAS IT
NOT I, PERKINS,
WHO CRUSHED
THE VIVAPOROUS
BILGE-BEETLE OF
SIAM IN MY BAREST
HANDS?

FIE!

INTO
THE
FRAY,
SAYS !!

CREEPY CREEPS
WITH EERIE EYES
START TO
SHRIEK AND
HARMONIZE

THEY LOOK
RATHER...
HUMANOID...

INDEED...

INDEED THEY DO,
MY FRIEND!
CLEARLY, THE DREAD
FIENDS CAN ASSUME
A MULTITUDE OF
FORMS, SOME NOT
ENTIRELY UNLIKE
OUR OWN!

DIABOLICALLY
CLEVER!

RIGHT
THEN!

HAVING FOUND THEIR
NEST, ALL THAT REMAINS
IS TO CHOOSE THE ONE
GHAST THAT WILL MAKE
THE FINEST ADDITION
TO MY COLLECTION!

TOO
HOMELY...

TOO
DECREPIT...

HEAD'S
ALREADY
OFF...

ALREADY
GOT A
MUMMY...



**SHEER.
MAGNIFICENCE!**

THAT MONSTROUS
BRUTE WILL LOOK
CRACKING GOOD
BESIDE MY GREAT
RETICULATED
MUSKE-GOAT!

A REAL
FIND!

BUT... BUT ONE
THING, SIR...

OH,
PERKINS.

HOW, I MUST ASK,
DO YOU INTEND TO
GRAPPLE WITH THE BEAST?
GHOSTS HAVE LONG BEEN
RUMOURED TO BE SOME-
WHAT... INCORPOREAL,
AFTER ALL...

DEAR,
SWEET
PERKINS,

YOU DO THINK ME
QUITE THE OAF,
DON'T YOU?

NO DOUBT YOU
EXPECT ME TO GO HURLING
MYSELF UPON THAT GREAT
LUMBERING GOON ONLY
TO PASS STRAIGHT
THROUGH HIS WISPY,
UNDEAD FORM.

SIR!

I MADE NO
SUCH ALLEGATION!
I SIMPLY...

WORRY NOT,
YOU SILLY LITTLE MAN.
I HAVE ALREADY PREPARED
TO DO BATTLE WITH THESE
UNDEAD GHOSTS ON THEIR
OWN HIDEOUS TERMS.
FOR YOU SEE...

...MERE MOMENTS
AGO I IMBIBED
THIS DRAUGHT
OF DEADLY POISON,
THEREBY TEMPORARILY
SEPARATING MY
SPIRIT FROM MY
BODY.

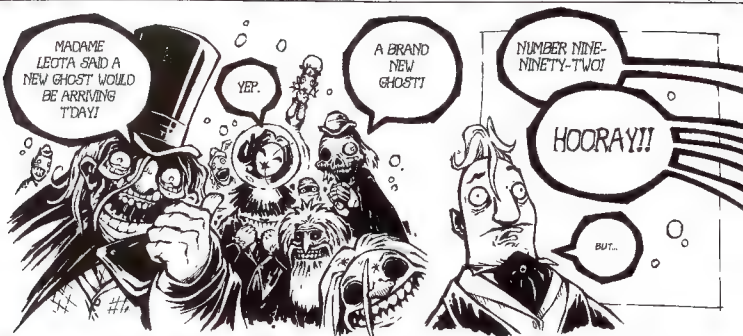
NOW ALL I NEED DO
IS MARCH INTO THAT ROOM,
SUBDUCE THE SPECTRE IN
QUESTION, THROW HIM IN
THIS SACK AND THEN RETURN,
NONE THE WORSE
FOR WEAR,
TO MY WAITING
EARTHLY FORM.

AND I'LL DO
IT ALL BEFORE YOU
CAN SAY "JACK
ROBINSON!"

ERM...

**BEHOLD,
FIENDS!**

**LORD
DUNSWALLOP
STANDS AMONG
YOU!**



Dear Reader...

Gentle
Reader...

Would any of you happen
to be in the market for an
Adventure Chronicler?



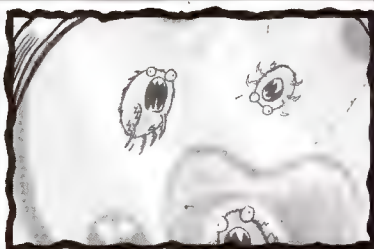
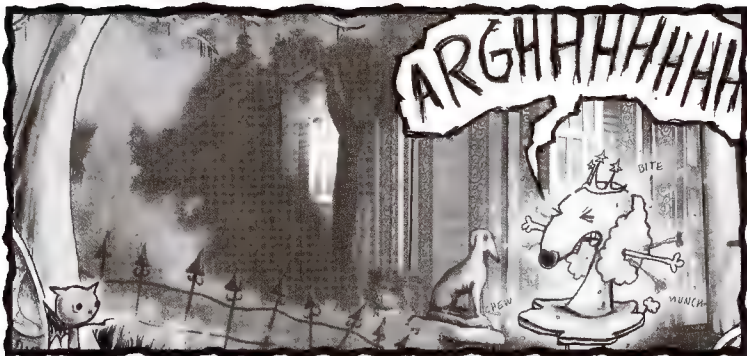
NIGHT of the GHOST FLEAS

by
Roman Dirge

Ah, another normal night in the pet cemetery...

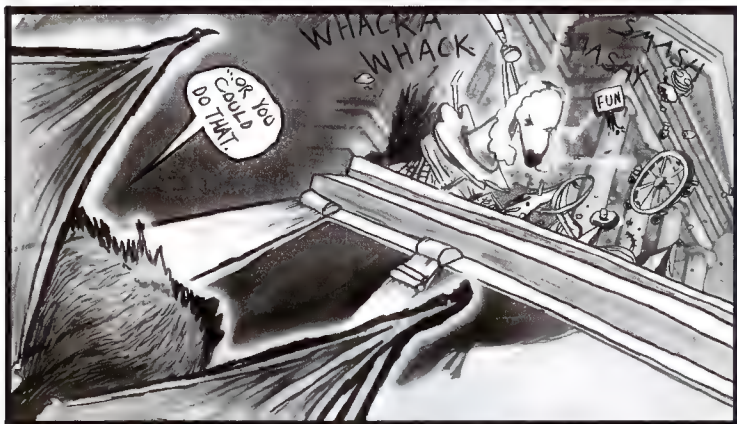
SAY, UH...
IS THAT... THAT...
NORMAL?

EDDIE
the
BARK



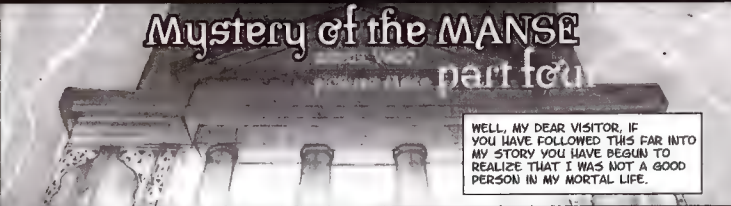






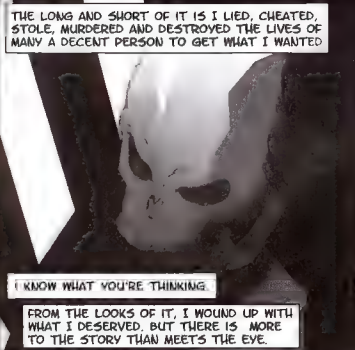
Mystery of the MANSE

part four



WELL, MY DEAR VISITOR, IF YOU HAVE FOLLOWED THIS FAR INTO MY STORY YOU HAVE BEGUN TO REALIZE THAT I WAS NOT A GOOD PERSON IN MY MORTAL LIFE.

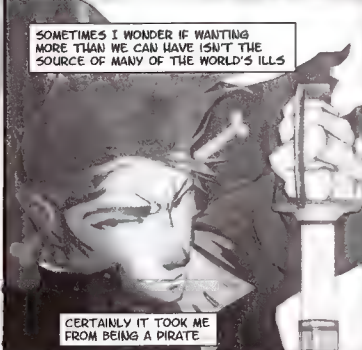
THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT IS I LIED, CHEATED, STOLE, MURDERED AND DESTROYED THE LIVES OF MANY A DECENT PERSON TO GET WHAT I WANTED



SOMETIMES I WONDER IF WANTING MORE THAN WE CAN HAVE ISN'T THE SOURCE OF MANY OF THE WORLD'S ILLS

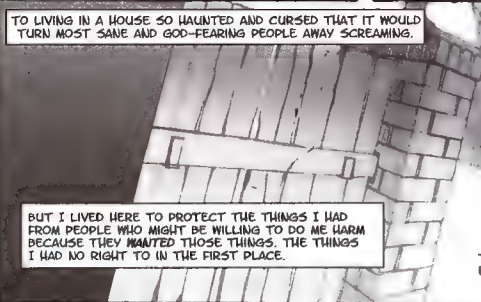
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.

FROM THE LOOKS OF IT, I WOUND UP WITH WHAT I DESERVED. BUT THERE IS MORE TO THE STORY THAN MEETS THE EYE.




CERTAINLY IT TOOK ME FROM BEING A PIRATE

TO LIVING IN A HOUSE SO HAUNTED AND CURSED THAT IT WOULD TURN MOST SANE AND GOD-FEARING PEOPLE AWAY SCREAMING.



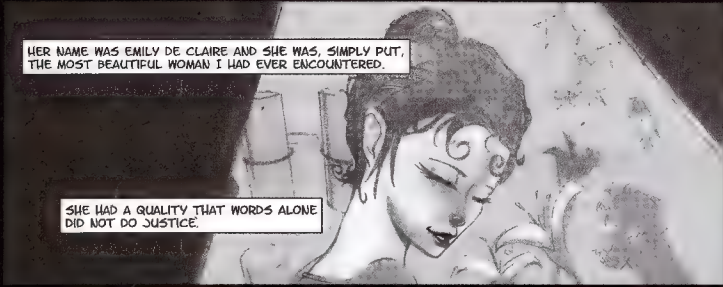
BUT I LIVED HERE TO PROTECT THE THINGS I HAD FROM PEOPLE WHO MIGHT BE WILLING TO DO ME HARM BECAUSE THEY WANTED THOSE THINGS. THE THINGS I HAD NO RIGHT TO IN THE FIRST PLACE.



THIS, OF COURSE, WAS A SOLITARY EXISTENCE, WHICH WAS FINE WITH ME...




UNTIL THE DAY I SAW HER!

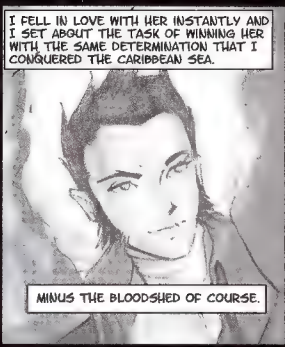


HER NAME WAS EMILY DE CLAIRE AND SHE WAS, SIMPLY PUT, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN I HAD EVER ENCOUNTERED.

SHE HAD A QUALITY THAT WORDS ALONE DID NOT DO JUSTICE.



I SAW IN HER EYES A LIFE I NEVER THOUGHT POSSIBLE...



I FELL IN LOVE WITH HER INSTANTLY AND I SET ABOUT THE TASK OF WINNING HER WITH THE SAME DETERMINATION THAT I CONQUERED THE CARIBBEAN SEA.

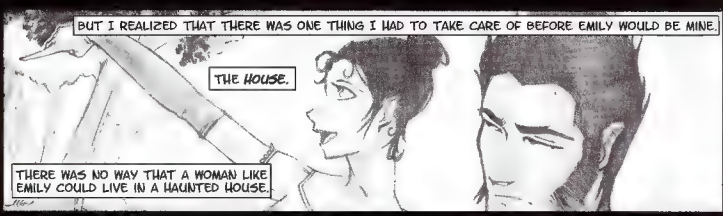
MINUS THE BLOODSHED OF COURSE.



OUR COURTSHIP WAS AS POWERFUL AS ANY GULF HURRICANE. SOON I ASKED HER TO MARRY ME, AND SHE ACCEPTED ALMOST WITHOUT A MOMENT'S THOUGHT.

I REALIZED THAT THIS WAS LIKE AN ENDGAME FOR ME.

THAT I HAD AN OPPORTUNITY TO HAVE IT ALL.



BUT I REALIZED THAT THERE WAS ONE THING I HAD TO TAKE CARE OF BEFORE EMILY WOULD BE MINE.


THE HOUSE.

THERE WAS NO WAY THAT A WOMAN LIKE EMILY COULD LIVE IN A HAUNTED HOUSE.



I HAD FOUGHT BATTLES WITH THE LIVING MY ENTIRE LIFE, BUT I DID NOT HAVE A CLUE HOW TO DEAL WITH THESE LOST SOULS.

I GREW MORE DESPERATE AS MY WEDDING DAY APPROACHED, SO DESPERATE I WAS WILLING TO TRY ANYTHING, OR ANYONE.

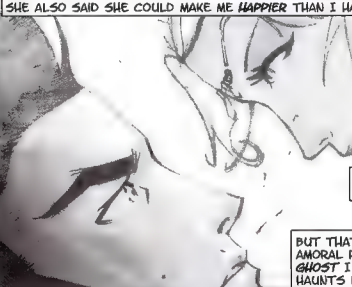


HER NAME WAS LEOTA AND SHE WAS A MEDIUM. SHE CLAIMED SHE COULD CONVINCE THE DEAD TO LEAVE MY HOME AND CROSS OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE.

AND THAT WAS WHEN I FIRST MET HER.




SHE ALSO SAID SHE COULD MAKE ME HAPPIER THAN I HAD EVER BEEN.




THERE WAS A TIME IN MY LIFE WHERE I WOULD HAVE GIVEN IN TO THIS WOMAN'S OBVIOUS ADVANCES.

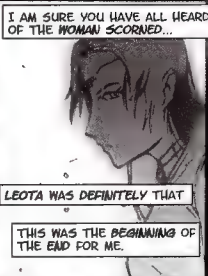
BUT THAT TIME WAS PAST. I CONSIDERED THAT AMORAL PART OF MYSELF DEAD AND BURIED, A GHOST I HAD TO RID MYSELF OF JUST LIKE THE HAUNTS IN THE MANSION.



"PUT YOUR PASSIONS ASIDE," I DEMANDED.



"RID MY HOME OF ALL ITS DEMONS, THEN PLEASE BE SURE TO LEAVE YOURSELF."



I AM SURE YOU HAVE ALL HEARD OF THE WOMAN SCORNE...

LEOTA WAS DEFINITELY THAT

THIS WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR ME.

I QUICKLY PUT AN END TO HER ADVANCES.



THAT NIGHT, AMIDST A SAVAGE STORM, LEOTA BEGAN HER WORK OF EXORCISING THE GHOSTS FROM MY HOME.

LOST IN A TRANCE, SPEAKING IN A STRANGE TONGUE, SHE SEEMED TO BE ABLE TO INSTANTLY CONNECT WITH THOSE SOULS ON THE OTHER SIDE.



THE AIR AROUND HER CRACKLED WITH AN ARCAN E ENERGY. EVEN FAR REMOVED FROM THE SEANCE ROOM AS I WAS I COULD FEEL HER REACHING OUT TO THE OTHER SIDE.

SERPENTS AND SPIDERS,
TAIL OF A RAT...

CALL IN THE SPIRITS
WHEREVER THEY'RE AT



SHE LOOKED DEEP INTO HER CRYSTAL BALL, CALLING OUT TO THE SPIRITS SO THAT SHE COULD DISPATCH THEM TO THE GREAT BEYOND.

RAP ON A TABLE,
IT'S TIME TO RESPOND...

SEND US A MESSAGE FROM
SOMEWHERE BEYOND!



CALL THEM OUT SHE DID, BUT
DISPATCHING THEM WAS NOT
PART OF HER PLAN.

IT WAS HERE THAT LEOTA DISCOVERED THAT THE GHOSTS WHO WERE
PLAGUING ME WERE THE GHOSTS OF THE CREW OF THE POMONA.



IT WAS HERE THAT SHE
WATCHED HER FINAL PLAN.


NOT ONLY WAS LEOTA NOT
GOING TO RID ME OF MY
GHOSTLY VISITORS...



SOON THE AIR CALMED AND THE HOUSE
BECAME DISQUIETINGLY PEACEFUL.

LEOTA CAME TO MY STUDY TO
INFORM ME OF HER PROGRESS

SHE WAS GOING TO MAKE MY HOME EVEN
MORE INVITING TO OTHERWORLDLY GUESTS.



ALL HAS GONE AS PROMISED,
MASTER GRACEY...



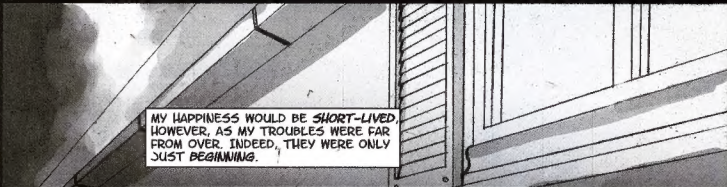
YOUR TROUBLES ARE...

OVER.



AND, JUST LIKE THAT, I WAS HAPPIER
THAN I EVER THOUGHT POSSIBLE.

I NO LONGER FEARED BRINGING EMILY
TO THE MANSION. OUR WEDDING COULD
GO ON AS PLANNED.



MY HAPPINESS WOULD BE **SHORT-LIVED**.
HOWEVER, AS MY TROUBLES WERE FAR
FROM OVER. INDEED, THEY WERE ONLY
JUST **BEGINNING**.



BECAUSE HIGH UP IN THE MANSION'S ATTIC
SOMETHING WAS STIRRING...



I WAS ABOUT TO BE VISITED
BY AN OLD FRIEND....

TO BE CONTINUED...



Ghoulish Contributors



Drew
Rausch

A newcomer to SLG and *The Haunted Mansion*, Drew's other major work is a series called *Sullengrey* published by APE Entertainment. He is very goth and some of his favorite bands are The Cure, Bauhaus and Nine Inch Nails. Visit <http://www.sullengrey.com/>



aaron a.

Aaron A. is the creator of *Serenity Rose* published by SLG Publishing and is currently working on a super top-secret project for DC Comic's Vertigo imprint. Fun Fact: Aaron's last name is so complex that tongues have been known to explode while trying to pronounce it, hence his use of only his last initial.



Roman
Dirge

Roman is the creator of the hit SLG comic *Lenore* as well as various other SLG comics, including *Something at the Window Is Scratching* and *The Monsters in My Tummy*. Roman has ridden the Haunted Mansion so often he now has his mail forwarded there.



Dan
Vado

Dan Vado helms SLG Publishing on the high seas of the comic book industry with swashbuckling aplomb. With SLG celebrating its twentieth anniversary this year, some might say the aplomb is well-deserved.



Mike
Moss

Mike Moss, illustrator, was best known for his good nature and rapidly evolving art-style until these were both overshadowed by the spectacular way in which he re-entered the Earth's atmosphere in 1908.



Steven
Daily

Steven is a Los Angeles based illustrator and is responsible for this issue's gloriously pan-chromatic back cover. He is currently illustrating Roman Dirge's new book *Peter the Pirate Squid*.



DARTH SCANNER
DARTH SCANNER



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